

It's You, Peter

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Summary: From Lily's POV. It takes place on the night she died.

This was written before book 4, so the killing curse is wrong. And yes, it is possible to have more than 1 best friend. James had 3, so there.

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Peter, It's You

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If he had a humane bone in his body, he would have just killed me. But that wouldn't have been his style. He had to play with his victims first. Like a cat and mouse.

I really don't know what I expected Voldemort to be like. I had never seen him in pictures, much less face to face. But I knew that it would happen sooner or later. He had James marked. I don't know why, but he wanted James dead.

And now he is.

I wanted to collapse in tears. But I was too busy staying alive.

A blast of light flew past me, grazing my arm before slamming into a wall. I gave a sharp cry of pain, but kept running. I had to get to Harry's room.

I barged through the door and grabbed the crying child, holding him to my chest. Voldemort was still crashing through the hallway.

How did he find out? How could he find out? It was impossible! No one knew we were here!

One word flashed through my mind.

'Peter.'

It was Peter. Peter told him where we were. Peter, James' best friend, was one of Voldemort's spies. I wanted to scream. I wanted to cry. My husband was dead because his best friend ratted him out.

In a way, it made sense. Peter was always a loner, but about a month after James' and my wedding, he became more withdrawn. He was always pale and jumpy. As if someone was watching him. As if he was afraid.

Afraid to fail the most evil and powerful wizard in history

Why would Peter betray James? I don't think that I'll live long enough to ask him. Why were we foolish enough to make him our secret-keeper?

Because James trusted him. And, although I never liked him that much, I trusted him too.

I know that Peter will never know what I'm thinking. I know that I'll be dead before I can confront him with my knowledge.

"Peter, it's you." I whispered hoarsely "You killed James. You made it so that Harry will probably never see his second birthday. And you killed me. I'm sorry Peter. Sorry that you'll have to live with guilt for the rest of your life. But I'll never be able to forgive you for this. Never."

Another ball of light shot past me, shaking me out of my thoughts.
"Please, please, don't kill Harry. Don't kill my son." I begged.

"Stand aside, silly girl." Voldemort sneered, blasting me in the legs. I cried out, falling to my knees. Blood began to pool around me, but I still held tight to the child in my arms.

I nearly laughed in spite of myself as my mind began to wander again. I have absolutely no proof that Peter did this. He could be completely innocent.

I got up slowly, ignoring the pain that shot through my legs. I walked over to the crib that stood in the middle of the room, shaking because of blood loss. Voldemort watched me, looking almost amused. "Good-bye, Harry." I whispered, setting him down and kissing his forehead. I turned and faced the evil monstrosity that stood in the doorway. "You can kill me, but you can never kill my son." I hissed.

He sneered again. "I'll see about that."

I close my eyes, preparing for the killing blow.

Peter, I hope that you're innocent.

I truly pray that my theory is wrong

But I know in my heart that it is not.

Voldemort spun around, lifted his wand, and screamed three words that

were distorted by the hatred in his voice.

A minute later, an explosion lit the sky like fireworks, and for miles around, muggle and wizard alike could hear a woman's scream.

End
file.